

One for Ging, With Klux Top

I live among rats and roaches  
but there is this highrise apt., a new one  
across from me, glimmering pool, lived in by very  
young  
people with new cars, mostly red or white cars,  
and I allow myself to look upon this scene as  
some type of miracle world  
not because it is possibly so  
but because it is easier to think this way,  
-- why take more knives? --  
so today I sat here and I saw one young man  
sitting in his red car  
sucking his thumb and waiting  
as another young man, obviously his friend,  
talked to a young woman dressed in a kind of long  
slim short  
pants, yes, and a black ill-fitting blouse,  
and she had on some kind of high-pointed hat, rather  
like the klukluxklan wears, and the young man was  
trying to  
talk to her but  
she was doing most of the talking  
as the other young man sucked, sat and sucked his  
thumb in the  
red car and  
behind them, through the glass door  
the other young people sat and sat and sat and sat  
around the blue pool,  
and the young woman was angry  
she was ugly anyhow and now she was very ugly  
but she must have had something to interest the  
young man  
and she said something violent and final  
(I couldn't hear any of it)  
and walked off west, away from the young man and  
the building,  
and the young man was flushed in the face, seemingly  
more stunned  
than angry, and then they both sat in the car for  
a while,  
and then the other young man took his thumb out of his  
mouth, started the red car, and then they were  
gone.

and through my window and through the glass door  
I could see the other young people  
sitting sitting sitting

around the blue pool. my miracle crowd. my future  
leaders.

to make it round out, I decided that the night before  
the young man (not the one with the thumb) had tried  
to screw the ugly girl in the pointed hat while  
they were both  
drunk, and that the ugly girl in the pointed hat  
felt -- for some reason -- that this was a damned  
dirty trick.  
she acted bit parts in little theatre -- was said  
to have talent --  
had a fairly wealthy father, and her name was Gig  
or Ging or  
something odd like that -- and that was mainly  
why the boys wanted to  
screw her: because her first name was Gig or Ging or  
Aazpupu,  
and the boys wanted to say, very much wanted to say:  
"I balled with Ging last night."

all right, so having settled all that,  
I put on some coffee and rolled myself something  
calming.

footnote upon the construction of the  
masses:

some people are young and nothing  
else and  
some people are old and nothing  
else  
and some people are in between and  
just in between,  
and if the flies wore clothes on their  
backs  
and all the buildings burned in  
golden fire,  
if heaven shook like a belly  
dancer  
and all the atom bombs began to  
cry,  
some people would be young and nothing  
else and  
some people old and nothing  
else,  
and the rest would be the same  
the rest would be the same.